Dear George, 4.14.93

Congratulations! One more to add to the many you earned by such pain.

I'm so glad the Pulitzers agreed with what I believe many of us conveyed to you on the publication of your story.

The inquiry and the writing were outstanding, a really fine piece of very difficult work.

I think it was Boccacio who said in an entirely different context what I remember from before you were born, that "dolor determineth imminent joyance."

While nothing can fully end the lingering pain it is so appropriate that the quality of what was also a fine public service was recognized with the awarding of the highest honor possible.

The Post's pride was reflected in such good taste, too. And every word of your lead sounded familiar. It is that good.

I was so please when I read it early this morning during my waking in which most of my time is resting, which is when I read it, my mind went back over those many years, about 26, I think.

Parts of two of your stories I recalled with some satisfaction. One is when you asked me if I minded your direct quotation of Blakey when my name was mentioned to him, "Weisberg? That son-of-a-bitch can kiss my ass!" That he could say no more when confronted with some of the criticisms of his failures for which I was responsible is a satisfaction and I'm glad to have that confession recorded. The other was when you asked his House assassins' neutron-activation analysis expert, Vincent Guinn, the question I suggested. While it is unfortunate that egocentric David Lifton so intent upon advancing his false theory prevented your proceding with it, you did get him to respond, meaning Guinn, that he could not and did not validate the specimens he tested for the committee, supposed to be from Specter's magic bullet of the history not equally of in science or mythology. While I doubt there will ever be any acknowledgement of it, I am certain those specimens are from the excess metal SA Robert Frazier removed from its base without any need for it and for which neither he nor the FBI can account. So, I think those few words are also a little-known truthful fragment of our history.

I hope you and your wife enjoy this honor as much as you can. It is more than well earned!

Sincerely,

Harold

Harold Weisberg